

Folk Celtic

"Fiach Mchugh"

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FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW

(author unknown, chords G Am will do)

Lift Mac Cahir Og your face, from brooding o'er the old
disgrace

When Black FitzWilliam stormed your place an drove
you to the
fern o!

Grey said victory was sure, soon the firebrand he'd
secure,

Until he met at Glenmalure, with Fiach MacHugh
O'Byrne

Chorus:

Curse and swear! Lord Kildare, Fiach will do what Fiach
will dare

Now FitzWilliam have a care! Fallen is your star low!

Up with halberd out with sword! On we go for by the
lord

Fiach MacHugh has given the word: Follow me up to
Carlow!

See the swords at Glen Imael, flash all o'er the English
Pale,

See all the children of the Gael, beneath O'Byrne's
banners

Rooster of a fighting stock, will you let an Saxon cock
Cry out upon an Irish rock, Fly up and teach him
manners!

From Tassagart to Clonmore there flows a trail of
English gore,

Well great is Rory Og O'More, at sending the loons to
Hades

White is sick and Grey is fled, now for Black
FitzWilliams head

We'll send it over dripping red, to Liza and her ladies

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